

To
MRS. E. J. DIXSON

Nora Nell

SONG & CHORUS

AS SUNG BY

C. S. FREDERICKS.

at Wilson's Opera House

WORDS BY

MISS FANNIE CROSBY

MUSIC BY

JAMES M. NORTH

AUTHOR OF,

My darling dwells over the Sea, Thou art coming with the Spring love AS

ST. LOUIS

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NORA NELL

As sung by C.S. Fredericks
at the Wilson's Opera House

WORDS BY MISS FANNIE CROSBY.

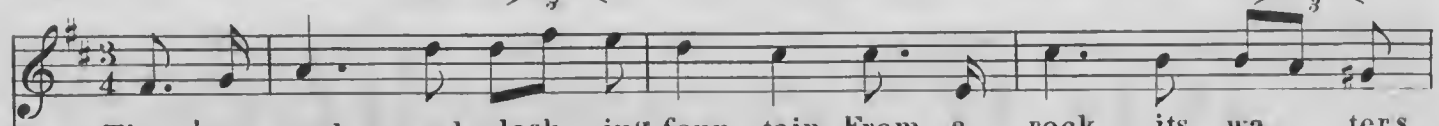
MUSIC JAS. M. NORTH.

ALLEGRO.

PIANO.



4.v. Like a leaf the storm has with - er - ed, And the wind has rude - ly



1.v. There's a cool and plash - ing foun - tain, From a rock its wa - ters

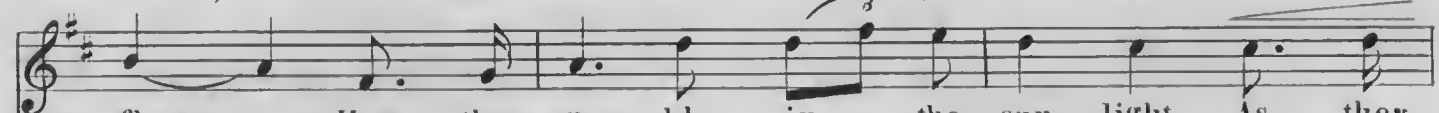
2.v. When the gol - den sheaves were wav - ing, And the harv - est moon was

3.v. She was play - ful and con - fid - ing Like a tim - id gen - tle

Andante.



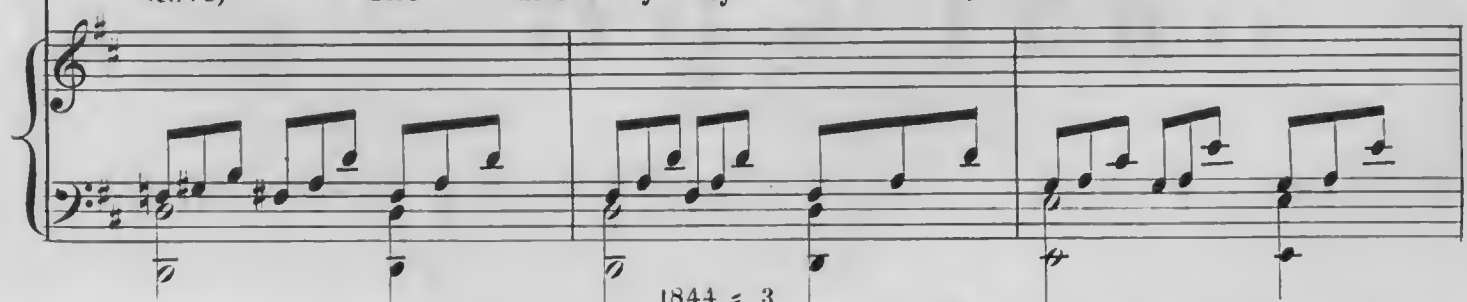
strewn, I am wea - ry and for - sa - ken, I am



flow, How they spar - kle in the sun - light, As they

bright, We would sit be - neath the lus - tre Of its

dove, She could sway my ev' - ry feel - ing By her



friend - less and a - lone; And my heart is ev - er
 mur - mur soft and low. Half con - cealed a - mong the
 mel - low sil - ver light. O her voice was full of
 ten - der winn - ing love. But an an - gel spi - rit

turn - ing To the foun - tain in the dell Where I
 wil - lows In that ru - ral mos - sy dell Stands a
 mu - sic, And her foot - step light and free, Like a
 call'd her, At the foun - tain in the dell, And the

bu - ried all its plea - sure In the grave of No - ra Nell.
 cott - age twin'd with ro - ses, And the home of No - ra Nell.
 dream of hap - py child - hood Was her gush - ing song to me.
 dew - y vale of ev - en Is the home of No - ra Nell.

CHORUS

SOP.
VER. 1.2.3. Still I hear a witching cadence, And I feel a ma-gic spell, For the
LAST VER. She is lost but not for ev - er, Still I feel her ma-gic spell, Where no

ALT.
Still I hear a witching cadence, And I feel a ma-gic spell, For the

TEN.
VER. 1. 2. 3. Still I hear a witching cadence, And I feel a ma-gic spell, For the
LAST VER. She is lost but not for ev - er, Still I feel her magic spell, Where no

BASS.
Still I hear a witching cadence, And I feel a ma-gic spell, For the

PIANO.

darl - ing one I che - rish Is my gen - tle No - ra Nell.
earth - ly ties are bro - ken I shall find my No - ra Nell.

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